Static by BlessedDark

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: Comfort, F/M, Fluff, Radios, Smut
Language: English
Characters: Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler
Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2017-03-14
Updated: 2017-04-11
Packaged: 2022-04-02 00:28:53
Rating: Mature
Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Chapters: 2
Words: 6,122
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

Its been months since the monsters, but something keeps bringing them back together.

1. Chapter 1

Summary for the Chapter:

> Nancy has had trouble sleeping, and Johnathan has a bright idea to help.

Radios had become a big part of her life since everything had happened. She didn't like the silence, especially when she shut her eyes and it was accompanied by the dark and what always lurked there. She had music playing whenever she could, something bright and upbeat usually. Sometimes she'd listen to Johnathan's mix. A couple of weeks after Christmas he'd turned up at her door with a cassette tape and a sheepish smile, he had to give her something in return, even if this was all he could manage.
When she listened to it she thought about him, it was like a peek inside his head, his world.

Nancy sought him out when she needed to talk about it, which she often did. Usually at night, mostly after nightmares. She'd called him up just past midnight, and gotten Joyce arriving home from work. She sounded surprised to hear Nancy's voice, but not upset at the late hour of her call. She assured her that Johnathon was likely to still be awake, he usually was these days, and went to check. After a few minutes she heard him pick up the phone,
"Nancy? Are you okay?"

"Hey. Sorry, I just... couldn't sleep." She was suddenly self conscious, feeling foolish for calling.

"Nightmares?" He knew how hard sleeping was since the things they'd seen, he'd spent his fair share of nights tossing and turning.

"Always."

"It's not coming back, you know. It's been months. We're going to be okay."

"I know, it's not that."

"Oh." She didn't need to say it, he understood. When Will disappeared he blamed himself, and when he thought he'd lost him completely the guilt seemed to consume him. Nancy didn't talk about Barb much, but Johnathan knew how much she was hurting.

Before he could comfort her she spoke again,
"I'm sorry I called so late. This was stupid. I'm sorry."

"No, Nancy, it's okay, I'm glad you called me."

"I could've woken Will or something, and you should go to sleep."

"Well, yeah, but so should you. Look, don't worry about this, you can call me any time. I'm dropping Will off at yours after school tomorrow, let's talk then?"

"Yeah, okay."

"I don't want you to regret calling me. I wouldn't mind if you had woken me up."

She sighs to herself, because he's decent, because he always has to make sure she's alright. "Goodnight, Johnathan."

"Goodnight, Nancy."

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The next day she tells Steve not to come over, that she has to study. Things are still strange between him and Johnathan, especially considering that the rumours of her promiscuity hadn't ceased. They were tapering off, gradually, but there were still whispers every time she spoke to Johnathan at school. Nicole, Tommy, and Carol had made sure to do their best in telling everyone in town that Nancy Wheeler had let Johnathan Byers between her oh so virtuous thighs. Steve refused to speak to them, and made it clear that he knew the rumours were bunk, but she knew it bothered him to have people think he'd been fooled.

Johnathan had experienced people he'd never noticed (let alone spoken to) stop him to congratulate him on his good fortune or chastise him for "stealing" from Steve. He always set them straight,

insisting that Nancy was a friend, but they didn't believe even him. He spent an evening in detention when one of Tommy's friends asked him if Nancy was tight for a whore, having knocked the kid unconscious when his head hit the pavement outside of school. He didn't tell Nancy about any of it.

That day she found herself double checking her hair in the mirror, smoothing down her skirt and replying a soft pink balm to her lips. She didn't let herself question why she cared what she looked like, it was only Johnathan after all. She left her bedroom and ran into him coming up the stairs, letting out a yelp of surprise when they almost collided. He blinked up at her for a moment, shock and the sight of her having momentarily stolen his voice before he managed a smile.

"Hey, Mike said you were up here."

"Yeah, yeah. We can talk in my room." She felt strange as she lead him into her bedroom, shutting the door behind them as he sat on her bed. "What have you got?" Nancy gestured at his full hands.

"Radios! The boys had an extra set. Apparently they lost a couple last year and had already convinced your mom to buy some new ones by the time they'd found them. We're allowed to borrow them as long as we stay off channel 2. Oh, and if we break them we have to do two of their homework assignments each, but I'll take care of that if it happens." He sounded excited, pleased with himself.

"What for?" She was still confused as she sat on the bed beside him.

"Well, so we can talk. You know, when you can't sleep. This way you won't have to worry about waking anyone up. We can use channel 3." He tunes each device, then hands her one, watching her face and wondering if he was being stupid.

"Nancy Wheeler, come in Nancy Wheeler, over."

His voice crackled out of her radio, and she finally smiled back at him, taking his hand and squeezing it gratefully.

"We don't have to say 'over' every time, do we?"

"No, definitely not."

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Johnathon had showered much earlier than usual, he was in bed by 10, the radio on his bedside table. He tried reading their assigned novel for literature, but it couldn't hold his interest. He was waiting for the buzz of the static, the sound of her voice. A mile or so away she's laying on her back, staring at her ceiling, her radio beside her on the mattress, wondering what time is too soon.

It's not until 11:45PM that she finally calls his name, quietly, through the speaker. He responds almost immediately, his voice is gruff when he lowers it so his little brother won't hear them through the bedroom wall.
"Hey, Nancy, you okay?"

"I'm alright. Can't fall asleep."

"Have you tried counting sheep?"

"Has that ever worked? For anyone? Anyway. Every time I tried to imagine a sheep it would probably turn into one of those things."

"You still see it all the time too, huh?"

"Almost every night."

They're both quiet for a moment, thinking about the monster that continues to stalk through the shadows along the edge of their vision.

"How do you think it got here? I mean, what do you think opened the gates?"

"I don't know. But I tried talking about it with my mom, and she wouldn't. I think she knows more than we do."

"Does she seem worried? I mean, if it opened once, maybe it could open again?"

"No, well, she's been more jumpy and protective of Will than normal, but that's to be expected." His eyes flicked over to the dresser, where his new camera sat. It was nicer than his old one. He thought about Nancy insisting that Steve had only been protecting her. Jonathan's

face flushed in the dark, remembering how he'd felt stealing those pictures. His skin had buzzed, his vision had blurred, but the thrill of seeing her so open and vulnerable had been overshadowed by the knowledge that he was crossing every line. He wondered how she'd ever forgiven him, vowed to himself he wouldn't betray her again.

"How is Will?" Nancy asked, snapping him out of it.

"Good, I think. Different though, quieter."

"I think we're all different." She knew she'd changed, how she saw the world. As she lay there she tried to picture him on the other end of the connection. If she shut her eyes she could see his messy room as if she were standing in it, dark clothes strewn across the floor. He'd be lying on his back, the radio on the pillow beside him. She wondered how he slept, he didn't seem like the type to own pyjamas, in one of his many black t-shirts maybe. When they'd shared her bed he'd produced so much heat as he slept that'd she'd kicked the covers off herself. Shirtless, maybe. She'd definitely changed, she certainly wouldn't have found herself blushing at the thought of Jonathan Byer's bare shoulders before everything.

"Do you want me to sing something? Help you doze off?" He's smirking, turning his head to the radio as if she's really lying beside him.

"I don't think anything by the Ramones constitutes a lullaby."

"Okay, what about the Sex Pistols?"

They both laugh, and hers turns into a yawn that she stifles, not wanting to say goodnight just yet.

"What do you do, when you can't fall asleep?" Nancy asks him, twirling a lock of hair around her fingers. He doesn't answer her for a moment, he's biting his lip on his end, wondering where the line was this time.

"What?" She says, curiously.

"I don't want to lie, but I also don't want to tell you."

"What?" She's insistent now, and he groans in embarrassment rather than replying, which is all the answer she needs.

"Ohhh" she breathes, "*that*."

"Sorry. I didn't want to tell you."

"You didn't! And anyway, I asked." She wasn't totally naïve, she knew it was something guys got up to pretty often, Steve made his fair share of jokes. "Does it really help you sleep?"

"I, uh-"

"I'm sorry, you don't have to tell me."

"No, no." On his end Johnathan breathed a sigh of relief, having her decide where the lines were was a much less stressful way of talking to her. "It helps. Sometimes more than others. It can make it worse, though, if I can't think of anything that, uh, you know, gets me there. Then I just end up frustrated." He's not sure how he's managing to force the words out, his voice breaks a little, it wasn't a topic of conversation he'd been prepared for.

"You mean sometimes you don't- uh...?"

"Not always. If I'm in a bad mood I get too distracted."

This was interesting, she'd been under the impression it was always easy for them. Suddenly the Johnathan in her imagination is in the forefront of her mind, the moonlight filtering in his window and making his skin glow. She sees his hands, one gripping a fistful of his sheets, the other dipping beneath the waistband of his sweatpants. His chest rises and falls in the dark, and her breathing gets a little heavier.

"Do you think it would help me? Sleep, I mean."

"Well, I don't know. How do you normally feel, uh, after?"

"I don't know."

Nancy's bold questioning has him feeling a little braver.

"You don't know?"

"Well, I mean, I've never- I don't think I've ever... you know."

"Never?" He sounds surprised, and she's suddenly feeling a little defensive.

"Well how would I know? It's not like you guys."

"I'm pretty sure you'd still know. I thought you and Steve had-"

"We have!" She cuts him off "it's nice, it is, I just haven't gotten there yet."

"Well have you ever tried getting there yourself?"

"Johnathan!" She's reproachful, but mostly blushing.

"You asked me first!" He replies, and she rolls her eyes and suppresses a grin.

"Okay, you're right, I did." She squeezes her eyes shut, as if he's there looking at her, watching her answer. "I've tried, I think. I just tend to stop before anything big happens."

His heart is hammering behind his ribs, and he's trying hard not to let his quickened breath become obvious. This certainly wasn't the direction he had expected this conversation to go in.

"Why do you stop?"

"I don't know! It feels... strange. And I don't want all those idiots in the 'Nancy is a slut' brigade to be right."

He snorts with laughter and something like exasperation, he's had more than enough of those morons.

"I'm fairly certain it doesn't count as something that qualifies someone for that title."

"Maybe you're right, but anyway, I wouldn't know how."

"I think it's something you just sort of... feel out." She groans, and he

laughs, "sorry."

Shyness aside she's invested now. They've already stepped way beyond the usual boundaries of their conversations, and she trusts him, she's trusted him since it seemed foolish to. Almost unconsciously her hand has snaked down to rest between her thighs, caressing the skin at the hem of her nightdress.

"How do you get there? Without stopping, I mean." Nancy tries to keep her voice even, but she can see his jaw clench in her mind, the way he's slipped his pants below his hips.

"Well, when it's feels like it's going to happen I don't want to stop."

"Do you think about anything while you do?"

This is dangerous territory. There's some confessions he's not sure she's ready to hear. Often, in his imagination and his dreams, that night she called him into her bed ends very differently. After tonight he's sure he'll have a new harem of fantasies to feel ashamed about when he looks at her. Even now he can see her with her back arched, cheeks flushed, her hand between her thighs.

"Yes, haven't you, when you've tried?"

"No, maybe that's my problem." She bites back a gasp as she brushes her fingertips over the cotton of her underwear, nerve endings burning under her wary ministrations.

"It couldn't hurt to try."

"Quite the opposite." She mused, and he smiled. In her head she's crawling into bed beside him, watching the muscles in his forearm, illuminated by the moonlight, ripple as his hand moves in the darkness. Nancy wonders if it's her he thinks about, sometimes at least. Her fingertips find the spot that makes her jump, that sends a wave of heat through her body, and she spreads her thighs a little. "You didn't tell me what you think about."

"No, I didn't."

"Is it a secret?"

Jonathan hesitates, because he's not sure it is. Everyone seems to know how he feels about Nancy, even Will asked him if he thought she was pretty, in a way that made it clear that he knew he did. When she called the other night his mother had raised an eyebrow at him as she handed him the phone, a mix of slight disapproval and amusement. Steve certainly knew, though his confidence in his relationship and guilt in how he'd treated both Johnathan and Nancy meant that he was civil, even nice towards him now. If everyone else knew, she had to as well. All the same, he'd rather play it safe than lay it out in front of her.

"No, I can tell you what, but I won't tell you who."

"You don't have to tell me anything if you don't want to."

"I know. I think about things I've not done."

"You've never," she's amazed she can have this conversation, yet be unable to say it plainly, "done it? Gone all the way, I mean?"

"No, not yet. Not that I couldn't have, I guess, I just haven't really been with anyone I wanted to do it with."

"What have you done?"

"You know, normal stuff."

"Are we talking second or first base?"

"Third."

"Oo, with someone at school?"

"No, no. She lives in the city."

He doesn't want to tell her the girls name because he doesn't remember it and that makes him feel a little sick, too much like his father. For his sixteenth birthday he'd been allowed to take the car to the city and go to a gig. He'd met a girl there, older than him, and let himself be well and truly seduced. She looked moody and mysterious, dancing like she didn't really want to be there. Her dark eyes were heavy with kohl, and her low cut shirt boasted her impressive bosom

to the world. They hadn't spoken much, after dancing a bit she'd simply taken his hand and pulled him into the largest cubical in the women's bathroom. She'd kissed him feverishly, but her sloppy tongue tasted like beer and cigarettes and he was glad when she broke contact. He buried his face in her neck instead, which thankfully only tasted like salt and perfume, and hoped it seemed like he knew what he was doing as he slid his hand under her skirt. He'd fumbled around the best he could, trying to gage by reaction what was most appreciated, but she seemed to be overreacting to most things he attempted. Eventually she dropped to her knees in front of him and made him see stars. He relays the story to Nancy, skimming over the apprehension and strangely empty feeling that had come over him as he drove home.

"Do you think about her?"

"No, never."

Nancy's hand had crept under the elastic of her panties, she was wet already, whether it's her own doing or their conversation she can't be sure.

"Do you ever think about me?" She can't believe she's asked, and the resulting silence makes her think she's pushed too far. But sure enough his voice finally mutters,

"Sometimes... is that okay?"

If they could see one another they'd be laughing at how red their faces had gotten.

"Yes, I mean, of course." She's breathless and he hears it, her hand had quickened its soft stroking of her sex, the Johnathan in her head is throwing his head back against his pillow, groaning her name.

"Would you like to know what I imagine about you?" It's a power rush, a heady cocktail of hormones and emotion as he considers what he thinks might be happening on her end of the line.

She manages a faint "mhmm", her lips are pressed together, desperate not to let him hear her moan.

"I think about kissing you, about pulling your clothes off slowly and sliding my hands over your body. I want to run my tongue over your breasts, up your thighs, tease your skin with my teeth. I imagine pinning you to my bed and pushing inside you, making you moan, making you say my name." His voice is husky, interrupted by heavy breaths. There's pressure building somewhere inside her, glorious and divine heat rushing to meet her fingers. She can see what he does, pictures wrapping her legs around his waist, begging him to pick up the pace. Nancy lifts her hips to meet her hand, bites into her lip as he continues, "I imagine you with your head tilted back, pressing my mouth to your neck as you get closer to-"

He's interrupted, a whimper gets caught in her throat and becomes a gasp, her hand is clenched tight around the radio and he hears her. It was an unmistakable sound, ecstasy distilled into a single breath.

It's ridiculous how good it is, more so considering she's never done it before, she can't believe she's denied herself this for far too long. A blissful smile spreads across her face and for a moment she forgets the impropriety of what she's done. Then his voice buzzes through the speaker grill and brings her back to earth,

"Nancy?"

"Um, yes?" She squeaks, mortification and shame made her want to throw the radio out the window.

"Do you think it'll be easier for you to get to sleep now?"

Her face is crimson and hot, no pretending it hadn't happened, he knows. There's no threat of his telling anyone, her shame is rooted in guilt not fear. All the same, her eyelids were feeling heavy, she even clicked off one of the lamps beside her bed, it's the darkest her room has been for months. Perhaps she could save guilt for the morning, and revel in how soft and warm her bed suddenly seemed.

"Yes," she finally replies, "yes I think it will."

"Good, I-uh- sweet dreams."

"Sweet dreams, Johnathan."

They're both quiet for a minute or two and he wonders if she's asleep already, but then she speaks one last time before drifting off, radio on the bed beside her,

"And Johnathan?"

"Yes?"

"Thank you."

Nancy won't dream at all that night, for the first time in a long time her sleep will be deep, dark, and rejuvenating. Johnathan, on the other hand, will dream of big blue eyes and skin paler than her bed sheets. He'll dream of tangled limbs and that sweet sound she'd made, dark hair and her soft, pink mouth against his.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

> Nancy and Johnathan spend some quality time together.
>
> A/N: Probably needs some editing, I promise I'll get round to it! Wanted to get it up quickly, enjoy and consider leaving me a review? There'll probably be another chapter on the way!

She's got to tell Steve. Not, the specifics, exactly, just that she's too distracted to be there the way he deserves. Maybe she'll tell him she's feeling guilty that she's still scared. Nancy wants to keep things as honest as she can, considering the details she's already decided to omit. Another fist fight is the last thing she wants.

There'd been a rift of sorts forming between them for months, the nightmares had been getting worse and it was all she wanted to talk about, she just couldn't bring it up to Steve. He was coping his own way, doing a brilliant job at pretending the monsters weren't bearing in on them. It wasn't that she hadn't tried, it was just the look on his face, the immediate insistence that "everything's fine now, Nance" in a voice that ended the conversation where it started.

She could talk about it with Johnathan, or she could have if she hadn't utterly and completely humiliated herself in front of him. Nancy hid the radio under her bed after that night and had avoided using it since. Even as the nightmares got increasingly more terrifying she resisted the temptation of reaching out for him, for the sound of his voice and another heavenly nights sleep. They'd crossed paths a few times in the weeks that had followed their late night conversation, and it was just as bad as she'd been dreading.

On Friday he'd stopped by to pick up Will, but her mother had insisted both he and Will stay for the lasagna she'd made. Last to the meal Nancy had been forced to sit across the table from him and those eyes. Their hands had brushed against one another as he passed her a napkin; she had to resist the urge to kick him when their eyes

met and she saw how he was looking at her. This was his fault, after all. His skin is warm, and she pulls her hand away a little too quickly.

The next Wednesday, when she should have been studying, she bumped into him in the store where his mother worked. He was picking up film and she needed bulbs, they collided between isles, both heading for the counter. He smiled at her and it didn't say "I know your secret", it just said "I'm happy to see you". She smiled back, but she couldn't bring herself to hold conversation. He lets her go first at the counter, she doesn't know that he's admiring where her neck meets her jawline as she glances back at him, embedding the picture in his memory. If they can both pretend it never happened maybe she can get through this.

Another lonely week passed and she'd been dreaming of him between the nightmares. When she wakes up with sweat cooling on her skin and the sheets untucked it's not always because she's just been back to the Upside Down.

On Monday morning she wakes from a vision of heat, his body against hers, all a strange shade of red. She hadn't seen Steve all that past weekend and it only adds to her guilt, she's gathering the courage to tell him she can't do it any more.

At school she doesn't go to lunch, she's got no appetite. Instead she heads to a bathroom and stares her self down in the mirror, she looks tired, tossing and turning all night will do that to you. Waking up to the sensation of phantom hands, disappearing with the grip of sleep, keeps you awake and burning.

As she leaves, lost in thought, she swings the door open forcefully. It hits someone making their way down the hall and they drop the folder they're holding. She's down on her knees, gathering the pictures that have fanned out across the floor and apologising profusely, before she even looks up to see who it is.

"Hey, Nancy, don't worry about it." Jonathan squats down next to her and begins shoving the pictures back into the folder. She looks up at the sound of his voice, all eyes and anxiety. When the folder is full again they stand together. She curses herself for picking the bathroom nearest the dark room, she knew that's where he spends his lunch breaks. Despite the discomfort at how close he is, how those eyes look right through her, she can't just run away.

"How are you?" She tries, instead of fleeing.

"Good, I'm working on a new project." He taps the folder, "how are you?"

"I'm...fine. Good, even." She's lying through her teeth and he knows it, the dark circles around her eyes are rivalling his.

They turn when they hear snickering, a group of girls the year below them are watching them from the end of the hallway, whispering behind their hands. They shriek when they see Nancy and Johnathan looking, and take off around the corner. She hangs her head, and he shuffles awkwardly, unsure of how to apologise. It wasn't just that she was seeing Steve, it was that it was Johnathan Byers that they thought she'd cheated with. Strange, silent Johnathan who was always lurking around with that camera.

"Look, let's talk in here." He takes her hand, after checking that the hallway was empty, and leads her into the dark room where his photos are hung up in rows. It takes her a moment to adjust to the light. It's so warm in the little room that she shrugs her jacket off her shoulders, dropping it into a corner with her bag.

"I'm sorry." Nancy says, and she's not sure if she's apologising for the mockery of their peers or the fact she's been avoiding him like the plague.

"That's my line." He says, and she thinks about the way his mouth turns up at the corners, the slow spread of his smile.

"Can I help you with something?" She says, gesturing towards the row of trays.

"I've just got a few I need to develop, you could hang them up for me? If you want."

"Yeah." She's glad to have something to focus on outside of how small the room is, how close they come to touching each time he hands her a picture. They're of the boys, mostly. Playing D&D, faces bright in triumph or crumpled in defeat. A couple of them on their bikes, taking off down the driveway of the Byer's house. There's a few of his mom, mostly smiling into the lens, but one caught her staring out the kitchen window, cigarette between her fingers. Nancy lingers on this one, wondering how he'd manage to capture so much of who she was in a single snapshot.

"This is great." Nancy comments as she clips it on the line, and he suppresses a smile of pride.

"Thanks" he says, and lays another picture in the tray. She watches it develop, and is shocked to see herself appearing on the paper. It's from the night he stayed for dinner, she's stood over the sink where she's just deposited her plate, eyes cast down. She looks sad, serious, brow furrowed like she's worried about something.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have taken that." He rushes forwards to pull it out of the tray when he catches her looking, but she stops him.

"No, no. It's good. I just... look so tired." Her face echoes the picture as she looks down at it, and Jonathan watches her intently.

"Are you? Tired, I mean?"

Nancy almost laughs, she's not slept properly for almost a month and is running on about four hours a night.

"Exhausted."

"When did you last get some rest? Actual rest?"

She bites down on her bottom lip, wondering if he knows, if he's just torturing her. But when she meets his eyes she just sees concern. Feeling a little braver in the dark she decides there's no use running from her embarrassment, not when she's trapped with it every time they speak.

"The night we... talked. On-on the radios." The stutter catches her off guard and she digs her fingernails into her palms, punishing herself for letting the nerves show.

"Oh." Its hardly annunciated, his mouth just makes the shape of the sound.

"Uh, yeah" she breaks eye contact, focusing on her shoes instead.

Johnathan isn't sure if he wants to bolt out the door or push her against the wall and finally kiss her. He'd been terrified after that night, especially after he realised she was avoiding him, sure that he'd well and truly ruined their friendship. Only now does he consider that she'd been worried about what he thought of her. Mostly he wants to reassure her, but there's something else stirring inside.

"Have you tried to, um, help yourself sleep li-like that since?"

When she snaps her head back up like he's shocked her he wonders for a moment if she's going to hit him. Instead she tilts her head slightly, unreadable,

"No." Her tone is odd, and he can't solve her expression,

"Why not?"

"Because it makes me think about you."

Johnathan isn't sure how to take that, he's a little worried she's about to crush him under her heel.

"About me?"

"About what you said. What you think about."

He swallows hard, trying to wet his drying throat. The room is sauna-like and she's so close he can smell her perfume, light and floral, like spring.

"I'm sorry, Nancy, I shouldn't have-"

"I liked it, Johnathan. That's the problem." Their eyes burn into one another for a long, tense moment. He's thinking about that sound she made, she's remembering the images his gruff voice had left her with.

They move together both at once, his hands cup her face and she lifts onto her toes to meet him. His lips are chapped and rough against hers, it's so decidedly Johnathan, exactly what she'd expected kissing him to be like. The sound of appreciation she makes against his mouth is all the encouragement he needs to take things further. His arms are suddenly around her waist and he's pushing her backwards, her feet are hardly touching the ground when he pins her to the wall and deepens the kiss. She tastes like strawberry lip-balm and spearmint toothpaste, sweetness interrupted by something cool and sharp.

Nancy's hands spread across his chest, she can feel his heartbeat under her fingers. She slides one down to his waistband and under his t-shirt, exploring the hard planes of his stomach, pushing her fingers through the hair below his naval, dipping into his jeans and teasing the skin just below the elastic of his boxers.

Johnathan's head is swimming, he presses himself against her, grinds his hips into hers, but he still can't get close enough. His lips leave hers, ghosting across her jawline before he nuzzles into her neck. It's a dream, a fantasy he's been playing out for months. He's worried that if he breaks contact she'll disappear completely. He sighs his disappointment against her throat when she slips her fingers out of his jeans and she feels his hardness jump against her lower stomach.

He cups her face in his hands and pulls her lips back to his, kissing her with a fervour that stole her breath, and remaining reason, away. If she wasn't careful this could turn into something serious, something she couldn't control. When he scrapes his teeth over her bottom lip and grinds his hips into hers she decides she doesn't care how real it gets, as long as she has all of him. Jonathan's right hand leaves her face and trails it's way down her neck, stopping to hover warily over her breast before she pushed forwards into his palm. With her encouragement his left hand joined the other. He rubbed his thumbs over breasts, hard enough that she could feel the rough wool of her sweater through the cotton of her shirt.

Nancy flicks her tongue over his bottom lip, running her fingers through his hair. When he breaks their kiss she blinks up at him, eyes filled with disappointment. He holds her gaze, one of his hands moves down her body, coming to rest on the back of her thigh. His fingertips brushed just below the hem of her skirt, her breath caught as he teased the skin there, inching up her skirt. Chills followed his fingers across her flesh, she shivered when they found their way onto her inner thigh, tracing patterns over her skin. She bit her lip to keep a moan from escaping, her breath got heavier as the room got hotter. When his fingers found the elastic of her panties he stopped, searching her face for confirmation. Her nod was almost imperceptible, it was her eyes that told him yes, the way they rolled back when he ghosted his fingertips over the cotton of her underwear. He stroked a little harder and she whimpered, leaning back against the wall. He wrapped his other arm around her waist, holding her weight up as her knees buckled.

Anticipation was intoxicating her, making her head feel heavy and her heart thrum. She could hear the blood rushing in her ears, feel every nerve catch alight as his fingers made contact. She's sure he can feel the cotton under his fingers dampening. If she weren't so dizzy, weren't so desperate for it, she'd be embarrassed by how hot he was getting her with such a feather light touch.

Johnathan fights the urge to kiss her again for the sake of watching her face as he pulls her panties to one side. He can't help but groan when he feels how wet she is, which makes her smirk a little, until his fingers run across the place that makes her gasp. She's lost to the world, there's only Johnathan and the fire he's started between her thighs. When he pushes a finger inside her she closes her eyes, spreads her legs a little wider.

They hear the door handle only moments before cold, white light cuts into their hot, red world. They spring apart, Johnathan turns to face the doorway, blinking as his eyes adjust to the light.

"Well, what's happening in here? Spending some time with pervy boy, are you, princess?" Nicole sneers, hands on her hips.

They stare at her, no idea what she'd seen.

"I bet you were letting him screw you some more, slut." She shoots at Nancy, who's recovering from her daze quickly.

"We were just talking, Nicole. I know you end up on your knees every time you're alone with a guy, but we're not all that easy." Her voice is venom, and it's not like her to be so cutting, but Nancy is more than annoyed at the interruption.
They grab their bags and step out into the hallway while Nicole fights to think of a come back, she's not used to her prey biting back, especially Nancy.

"Whatever, whore." It's the best she can come up with as she storms past them into the darkroom, and they watch her slam the door with amusement and relief.

"Johnathan-" Nancy begins, but the bell cuts her off, and the sound of stampeding students begins. She watches in shock as he lifts his finger to his mouth and sucks it clean, smirking at her as her face turns a deeper shade of pink.

"See you, Nancy. I'm only a radio away." He lifts a hand in farewell and leaves her standing there, unable to keep a little saunter out of his step as he heads out the double doors and into the parking lot.

She watches him go, trying to untangle the mess of her thoughts. Trying not to chase after him and beg him to put his hands back where they belong. She's not sure she can face Steve now, so she avoids the parking lot where they typically meet and heads out the front doors instead. The walk home will give her time to clear her head, she hopes. Though she's not sure what she's going to do about the fire still smouldering where Johnathan's hand had been.